

The most lamentable Tragedie

For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returnd againe,
Euen in their throates that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about.
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs,
The vowe is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lauinia* thou shalt be imployde in these Armes,
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an armie there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Lets kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Lucius. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
The wofulst man that euer liude in Rome:
Farewell proude Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell *Lauinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues,
But in obliuion and hatefull greefes:
If *Lucius* liue, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proude *Saturnine* and his Empresse
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a power,
To be reuengd on Rome and *Saturnine*.

Exit Lucius.

Enter

of Titus Andronicus.

*Enter Lucius sonne and Lauinia running after him, and
the boy flies from her with his bookes vn-
der his arme.*

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Puer. Helpe Grandfier helpe, my Aunt *Lauinia*,
Followes me euery where, I know not why.

Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,

Alas sweet aunt, I know not what you meane.

Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thine aunt.

Titus. She loues thee boy too well to do thee harme.

Puer. I when my Father was in Rome she did.

Mar. What meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by these signes.

Titus. Feare her not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she meane.

See *Lucius* see, how much shee makes of thee:

Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.

A boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care

Red to her sonnes than she hath red to thee,

Sweet Poetrie, and Tullies Oratour:

Canst thou not gesse wherefore shee plies thee thus.

Puer. My Lord, I know not I, nor can I gesse,

Vnlesse some fit or frenzie doe possesse her:

For I haue heard my Grandfier say full oft,

Extremite of greeues would make men mad.

And I haue red that *Hecuba* of Troy,

Ran mad for sorrow, that made me to feare

Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,

Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,

And would not but in furie fright my youth,

Which made me downe to throw my bookes and flie,

Causelesse perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,

And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,

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